

Sisters' S. C. E.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Since my last communication, I have succeeded in organizing three societies. At that writing I was at the home of Brother Shively, and enjoyed all the pleasures and comforts of a home with them for five days. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights we had services at Winchester, and organized an S. S. C. E. with thirty-five members. Sister Shively was chosen president. She has had experience in sisters' work in the past; she will have efficient help from her husband; her own heart is in the work,—all this points to success for their society.

On Thursday and Friday nights, Brother Shively took me to the West Alexandria church, and there we organized with sixteen members, with sister Julia Lowman as president. Sister Lowman is one of those sweet spirited christians, and motherly women whom every body loves, and we think is well adapted to take the lead in this work.

On Saturday evening I attended the communion services at Bear Creek church. It was my only communion of this season, and was a very pleasant and enjoyable one. I was afraid for a time that I should miss all the communions, and it has made me sympathize more than before, with the isolated brethren and sisters who so seldom enjoy the privilege of participating in these soul-refreshing ordinances of the Lord's house. At Bear Creek, we organized a society of thirty-five members, with sister Lizzie Beechly as president. The voice of the society was unanimous for Sister Lizzie, so that she ought to feel not only highly complimented, but it ought to be to her an inspiration, and encouragement in the work. May the dear Father in heaven abundantly bless these new societies, and all others, and help us all to be earnest, faithful, energetic and self-sacrificing, so that when our work is done, he may be able to say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servants." Oh, they will be blessed words! It is very pleasant in this world to have beautiful homes, curtained windows, floors carpeted with brussels, walls hanging with engravings, but it will be more beautiful, more pleasant still, to have so lived, and worked and sacrificed, and denied ourselves for Christ's sake, that the Father in heaven may say to us "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dear sisters, it will not be long now until our National Conference. Then we shall want a report from all our societies. Before that time, we hope to send you report blanks, making it easy for you to re-

port. We hope you are all working earnestly to make the report a good one. We trust also that those societies that have not yet sent in their Spring remittance, will do so at once, so that the Treasurer's report at Conference, will show every society to have done its duty to the National organization. Let us not only have a larger number of societies to be reported, but better work than has ever been done before.

Then dear Christian Endeavorers,

"To the work, to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod,
With the balm of his counsel, our strength to re-
new,

Let us do with our might, what our hands find
to do."

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

A WORD TO THE REDEEMED.

The people of God are a redeemed people. Webster's dictionary says, "Redeemed; to purchase back; to regain possession of." We were in the hands of the chief pawn broker and the Lord Jesus Christ came to this world to buy us back. A redeemer is one who has bought back the thing that was lost or sold and the Redeemer is one of the most beautiful names by which Jesus is known.

There came into my congregation awhile ago, a pale-faced, little woman, dressed in black, and she always seemed to be in sorrow. One morning she said to me, "The watch that my mother gave me on my wedding day will have been in the pawn broker's shop a year to-morrow, and if it is not redeemed then I can never get it again. If you can do anything to save the only gift I have left from my dead mother, how happy I will be." Well, I had a friend with much money and more heart, to whom I told the story, and he bought the watch back and put it into my hands. His face never looked so kind and beautiful as when he said, "She must take it back free and never think of paying me a dollar again!" He had become a redeemer, and even earthly redeemers are grand to look upon.

We are the redeemed and we belong to the Redeemer. Two little brothers, the only sons of a rich man, had a pet lamb called Dick, who was washed every morning until he was white as snow, and a clean, blue ribbon was tied around his neck. And then, when the boys went out on the street for a walk, Dick would trot after them like a little dog. He would look very wise and knowing, to the great delight of the brothers and their admiring friends. But there came a morning when Dick did not follow them, and they searched the house and the streets in vain and finally the papers told the people that

the lamb was lost and a fine reward would be paid for his recovery, but all was in vain. Day after day went by and they had begun to give the little fellow up. One morning the brothers were walking along the street and they noticed a butcher's cart coming toward them as fast as the horse could travel. The butcher, with his sleeves rolled back, was sitting on the high seat of the cart, and pretty soon the boys caught sight of the head and neck of a little lamb, who was on his way with the butcher to the slaughter house, and they shouted with all their might, "Dick, our Dick!" A fine old gentleman held up his cane in front of the horse, and when the wagon stood still he asked what the matter was.

"It is our Dick, sir; it is the lamb we have loved so long, and we have lost him and this man is driving him away to kill him!"

Then the butcher told them to give him what he had paid for the lamb, but the boys hadn't a cent, and the old gentleman took out a big pocketbook and laid a five dollar bill on the seat of the wagon, saying, "There, take it, and give the lamb back to the boys!" They cut Dick's cords but his legs were sore and swollen and he could not stand. The blue ribbon was gone, and the fleece had become very dirty and dark, but he was Dick just the same, and they gathered the little fellow up in their arms. Soon they all reached home, and when Dick had been washed he was as clean and beautiful as ever, but always after that he seemed to love the old gentleman as well as he loved his little masters.

"We love Him, because he first loved us." It makes us glad to work a little harder and give a little more, when we think of the Master as the great Friend who bought us back out of the butcher's cart.

Blessings on the redeemed ones as they begin the new year. Let me add a few plain resolutions, to be made in the strength of God, for their happiness and usefulness. There is no room for backsliding here:

WHAT I WILL NOT DO.

1. I will not be careless of my health.
2. I will not be careless of my money.
3. I will not be found in bad company.
4. I will not speak evil of any one.

LET the soul be turned as strenuously toward good as it usually is toward evil, and you will find that the simple love of goodness will give incredible resources to the spirit in the search after truth. Love with little intellect will perform miracles. —Fenelon.